

1914

# THE



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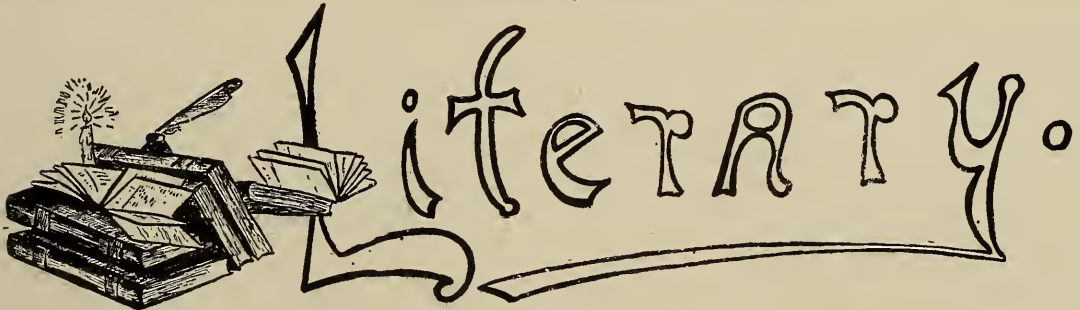
# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the  
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 2, New Series

APRIL, 1914.

No. 5



## A HIGHER JUSTICE

*(Awarded first prize in this month's contest.)*

Gillard Hopkins paused in the doorway with an air almost of wonder, and scanned the scene before him. Yet it was not an uncommon scene—only a busy New York Street. But to Gillard it seemed as if the whole world had suddenly opened out before him; and indeed it was strange after having looked solely on prison walls for eight years, to see the crowds of hurrying people, the constant stream of traffic, and the many other details of the ever changing sights.

He stopped only for an instant—Gillard was never known to hesitate for more than an instant—and then walked quickly down the steps and joined the jostling throng. He walked along for some little time, threading his way carefully through the maze of streets until he reached a less busy section of the city. After hunting about for a moment he found the street he was looking for and turned down it, glancing at the windows as he went along as if to make sure of his surroundings. Suddenly his face brightened and he crossed rapidly to the other side of the street and went into a small brick-faced building, whose large

front window bore the sign, "Associated Merchants' Bank." There were several small windows in a long partition on one side and Gillard went up to one of these.

"I want G. A. Hopkin's bank-book which was left here eight years ago," he said. The clerk looked rather surprised but said nothing. And why shouldn't he look surprised, for Gillard Hopkins had at one time been a "head-liner" for the sensation-loving public, and so even the clerks in a small bank knew of him.

He came back in a minute, the bank book in his hand, "You have some identification," he asked Gillard.

"Certainly," Gillard replied and passed over some papers which the clerk scanned.

"If those are sufficient," he went on, a faint suspicion of scorn in his voice, "I want to draw out whatever money I have to my credit."

"Oh, yes. These are all right," said the clerk. Then he counted out the money and passed it through to Gillard, who thanked him and went out immediately.

\* \* \* \* \*

At six o'clock on that same evening Gillard was comfortably seated in a Pullman sleeper of one of the great western trains. It was almost time for the train to leave and he was impatient. To the passer-by he appeared to be reading the day's paper; but, although he had it spread out before him, he was not reading, but thinking—thinking hard. This was a great day in his life, greater even than he had realized, in fact. And as he sat there waiting for the train to start, Gillard let his mind wander back past those last eight years. He saw himself a rising young man in one of the largest financial concerns in New York. He remembered how he had ascended each round of the ladder of success, until he was among the head men of the company. And then the storm had come. The company reputed to be one of the strongest as well as one of the largest concerns, collapsed in a moment. It was strange and inexplicable, and only Gillard suspected,—yes, almost knew—that unlawful business tactics on the part of Peddon, the president of the concern, had brought on the crash. Investigations had followed and it was discovered that large sums of money had mysteriously disappeared, the books had been tampered with, and a general mix-up all around.

In the midst of it all, Peddon, fearing for himself, accused Gillard. Cleverly fabricated evidence was brought forward and a sentence of twelve years had been meted out to Gillard Hopkins, while Peddon started in to spend his criminally-gotten money.

The day that Gillard went to jail he was thankful for only one thing; that his parents had not lived to see that day. For the first two years his mind was filled with an intense burning hate against human beings in general and Lambert Peddon in particular. He used to sit and

dream of the horrible penalties he would exact from him when he got free. As time went on he had buried these thoughts. Not that he had lost them, for they were still there, deep down in his mind, but he saw the uselessness of it all. And so he had turned his mind in other channels. He remembered that but a short time before the collapse, he had deposited a fair sum of money in a small New York bank, and he began to plan what he would do when he got free. A thousand projects came up, but at last he decided he would go West. So, when at the end of eight years, he was unexpectedly released because of good behaviour, he had his mind fully made up. The result was that he was about to leave for the west on this same day of his release.

Gillard thought of all this as he sat there, and once more the bitterness welled up in his mind—indeed, eight years spent in expiating the crime of another do not soften one's nature.

"Eight years," he murmured. "The best of my life-time. But no. They shall not be the best. I will forget if I can, and start my life again, far away from the hypocrisies and strivings of this city."

Just then the train started to move slowly out of the station. A short dash through an inky tunnel, and then they were speeding through the outskirts of the metropolis.

Gillard looked out of the window at the receding city. A thick cloud of smoke, reddened on the outer edges by the rays of the setting sun, hung over it like a pall. There it lay—New York—ever strange and unfathomable; where millionaires and paupers, honest men and thieves, industrious men and slovens, were all jumbled together in one cosmopolite mass. He was glad he was leaving it. Then he thought of Peddon, somewhere back there in his mansion, waited on



by liveried servants. He did not envy him his mansion or his servants, but human passions are strong, and it is hard for a wronged man to forgive.

"Well, it's all over now," he said softly. "Eight years is a long time, but it's past now." Then he added, "I am not much on religion, but somewhere, sometime, there is a Higher Justice that will overtake Lambert Peddon."

Then a spirit almost of contentment stole over him, and he turned away from the window to his paper.

## II.

"Well I must be going now, Mrs. Davis, I just came over to see how the little boy was as I heard he had gotten the measles. Good night, John," he said to Mr. Davis, and then turned down the path, lined on each side with rows of fragrant flowers, which led to the road. It would have been hard, indeed, to recognize Gillard Hopkins, in the speaker, for five years of the right life, in "God's own country," as Gillard always termed it, had done their work well.

He had been on a visit to the Davis' this particular evening, having heard that their little boy was sick, and was just starting on the three mile walk back to his own farm. It was a beautiful night, even for Southern California. The full moon made it almost as light as day, and the chirps and buzzings of the numerous night creatures lent a charm to the atmosphere.

Gillard walked along the smooth, hard road, with a quick, firm step, humming softly to himself. And why shouldn't he? The life he was leading was one of peace and of infinite happiness, away from the rush and hurry of the big cities.

When he had first reached California, five years ago, he had started in his life by working on one of the large fruit farms among the foothills of the Sierras. Little by little

he had added to the money he had started with, until at last he had been able to purchase a small farm of his own. He went into raising fancy fruit in a scientific way, grafting this specie on to that and so on, until he produced an especially prized variety. He became famous in the small community for this, and finally his name spread through all of the surrounding country, and the opinion of Gillard Hopkins on matters of fruit was highly prized.

He had had many positions offered to him, and could have lived in a fine manner in any city of the country, but nothing could induce him to leave his farm.

"I came out here in search of happiness and I found it," he would argue to himself. "I do not desire anything more than what I have, and I will not risk my happiness by leaving the place where I found it."

Gillard tried to keep Peddon altogether out of his mind. Occasionally he could not help but think of him, but his outdoor life kept him occupied during the day, and in the evenings he was always visiting his friends or being visited by them. He had started to study medicine while in college, and he often used the knowledge he had acquired in helping his neighbors when ill. And so his time passed rapidly and happily. And memories of the past he buried deep in his mind.

As he neared home he was greeted by yelps of joy from Shep, his collie dog, which was his sole companion, and which always watched the house when he was away. It was about half past eight when Gillard went in, so he got a book from the small library he had started, and sat down to read.

At ten o'clock, he closed his book, and, putting out the light, went to bed, after another day of contentment.

*(To be continued)*

## THE PROPOSED NEW DORMITORY

The most absorbing topic of interest just now is the new dormitory which it is proposed to build to replace the old farm-house, and there is much speculation as to whether the necessary funds will be forth coming in time for its erection this summer.

The plans, which have been drawn by Mr. Penn Varney of Lynn, call for a fire-proof brick structure of three stories. There will be three class-rooms on the ground floor, which will be used for the Junior school; the two upper floors will contain accommodations for two masters and twenty students. The style of architecture is colonial, and while this will be the only brick building on the grounds it seems quite in keeping with the other houses.

These plans have not yet been accepted by the Trustees, but it seems likely that they will be when the building fund gets along to the point where the matter must be actively considered. At any rate there will be *some* new building here in the fall to accommodate the new students

who come, for the promise is of a yet larger school next year than this, although our present enrolment is the largest known for many years.

The estimated cost of Mr. Varney's building is \$20,000, and toward this between eight and nine thousand have thus far been given or pledged, though some of the pledges are conditioned upon the whole amount being raised. The greater part of the contributions received so far have been from former students, and the loyal spirit they have shown has been very gratifying. If all the others to whom the matter has been presented will respond we shall have all the money we need. Let every one to whom this will come obey his first impulse and send his contribution at once, whether it be large or small. So only that it be up to the full measure of his ability, and that none be held back because that measure is only a dollar. Then perhaps the new dormitory will bear the name of "Alumni Hall."

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## THE COWARD

### PART II.

Some hours later, a loud clap of thunder woke Harvey up out of a sound sleep. The storm was on in all its fury. Blinding flashes of lightning were followed by peals of thunder which were echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding mountains.

He was about to turn over and go to sleep, when he heard a peculiar grating noise near one of the windows. At first he thought he must have imagined it, but in a minute he heard it again, even more clear and distinct. Harvey got quietly out of bed, and walked to the window from which the sound seemed to come, and peered out between the curtains into the darkness. At that instant, a flash

of lightning lit up the outside as bright as day, causing him to start back from the window, for his quick glance had shown him an unexpected sight. Outside of the window were three men; two of them holding the other one up to the second story window. Quietly Harvey went to the bureau, and was about to pick up the revolver which lay there, when a small, tiny voice, the voice of the Coward, whispered, "Don't, don't!" And then with an overwhelming force his resolution came back to him and he grasped the revolver with a firm hand.

He raised it quickly, and two shots went crashing through the win-



dow. He heard a yell even above the downpour, but on going to the window and looking out, he could see nothing. He did not waste a minute, however, as even now, thought he, they might be speeding down the road with the money which made up the payroll snugly secured. He slipped on some clothes, and then rushed out into the hall. He had not gone far, before he was met by Mr. Deland carrying a lamp.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter? What were those shots I heard?" Mr. Deland exclaimed excitedly.

"Some gang after the payroll upstairs! Quick, I don't know yet if they have it or not!" Harvey answered hurriedly.

Together they dashed up stairs and into the den. They were filled with apprehensions when they saw the window had been pried open; but on examining the face, they found everything all right.

"Well, that was a close call," said Harvey, breathing a sigh of relief.

"But, we must not lose any time," exclaimed Mr. Deland, "for like as not, after making a mess of it here, they will head for the office or mill, and we can't afford to have any of our valuable papers or machinery destroyed. Black is the only watchman down there, for the night burners would never hear them. The whole gang that tried this is probably whiskey-soaked, or they would never have had the courage to try anything like this. You go down and get Black on the 'phone, and I'll go explain what has happened to Mrs. Deland and the girls. I don't want to keep them in suspense any longer."

Harvey came back in a few minutes with an anxious look on his face.

"I can't get him, Mr. Deland," he said, "I've tried and tried, and I think the wires must have been struck by the lightning."

"What!" Can't get him. Why we

must get word to him somehow. There is no telling what those drunkards will do when once they get started."

"All right, I'll go down," burst out Harvey, almost before he realized it.

"You, alone, and in such a storm!"

"Of course!" answered Harvey briskly, determined that Mr. Deland should not see him back down. "I've got my revolver, and I won't mind the storm."

"I don't like to let you do it, Brooks," said Mr. Deland. "But" he went on after a pause, "I suppose it's the only way, so the sooner you get started the better."

They hurried down stairs again, and Harvey wrapped a storm-coat securely around him, and pulled a cap over his head.

"Be careful, Harvey," admonished Mr. Deland as he was unlocking the door.

"Oh, I'll be all right, I'll stay at the plant all night. Good-bye," Harvey replied as he pushed open the door and stepped out into the storm.

He stopped a moment on the porch while he pulled his coat around him, and peered out into the night. The rain was still coming down hard, it was the blackest-black on all sides, excepting when the lightning flashed; and altogether the walk to the plant was not pleasant to think of. He hurried forth into the storm, however, and made his way along the muddy road as best he could.

He had proceeded but a little way, when on glancing ahead he thought he saw something moving. He stopped short and reached his hand into his pocket. He felt a chill run down his back, for the pocket was empty. In the hurry and bustle he had forgotten his revolver! He heard a little, but clear voice, The Coward, whispering, "Go back! Go back!" but with gritted teeth he turned away from the



Mansion and plunged steadily on. Once more the "Coward" had been defeated.

The walk to the plant was never an enjoyable one, but, in the storm, its aspect was indeed terrible. So washed and muddy was the road, that had it not been for the frequent flashes, it would have been almost impossible to keep to it. On every side the trees, the rocks, and the simplest objects in the daylight, were made mysterious and weird by the changing from inky blackness to brilliant day by the short but almost constant flashes of lightning. And always the little voice, the coward, was striving to creep in and overcome him. He hurried on steeling his mind against the thoughts that strove to enter.

It seemed to Harvey an age, while in reality it was only about ten minutes, before he reached the valley. He could now see the stocks of the plant towering upward until they seemed to disappear, and this sight cheering him on, it was not long before he could make out a tiny ray of light, which proceeded from the watchman's shanty. Perhaps he would still be in time!

On reaching the shanty he knocked sharply on the door.

"Who is it," came in a surprised tone from within.

"It's Mr. Brooks. Let me in, Black," Harvey replied.

The startled watchman unbolted and opened the door, and let Harvey in. Harvey told him as quickly as possible what had happened and then they both hurried down to the little shack where the night burners would probably be gathered to keep out of the storm. They listened to his story, as surprised as the watchman had been. Then Harvey placed the burners at various places around the mill to keep guard, while he and Black went over to the office.

They had been there but a short

time when one of the burners came running over.

"Guess it's all right now, Mr. Brooks," he said. "Two or three men just came sneaking into the engine room after we got there. But when they found someone on guard, they beat it purty quick, swearing and yelling like madmen."

"Yes, that bunch was they all right," Harvey replied; "but you tell the men to watch out just the same and take no chances."

Nothing happened for the next half-hour, and so, as he was dead tired, Harvey laid down on the couch in the watchman's shack, leaving orders with Black to wake him if the least thing should happen. Now that the excitement was over, he was tired out, and he had hardly laid down before he was asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nearly seven o'clock the next morning when Black woke him up. By this time the sun was topping the mountains and beginning to shed its cheerful rays over the valley.

Harvey went out into the yard, where the men were just beginning to take their places for the day's work. He gave the burners and watchman orders that nothing should be said to the men of what had happened, and then, knowing that Mr. Deland would be waiting anxiously for some news, he started off up the road to the Mansion.

So bright and clear was everything in the brilliant sunlight, that he found it difficult to think of the proceedings of the early morning as anything but a passing nightmare, too vague and uncertain to be defined. But at that moment he made out some foot-prints in the mud, and this brought back the trip to him in all its reality; strange to say, however, in place of the old-time feeling, he experienced a new and strange sensation. He was unable to analyze it,—he did not even attempt to,—but if he had been able

to, he would have found it to be the exultation of a conqueror!

All was excitement when he reached the Mansion. Harvey had to tell the whole story from beginning to end, both for Mrs. Deland and the girls, and Mr. Deland, for in the bustle and excitement of the night, he had not given even the latter any particulars.

"And so everything is quiet down at the plant this morning?" questioned Mr. Deland as Harvey finished.

"Yes, not a thing out of the ordinary," he replied. "Why even ——"

"Well," broke in Mrs. Deland, "I won't let you people stay out here any longer, when there is a nice breakfast waiting to be eaten, so just you come in, and you can talk while you are eating."

After breakfast Mr. Deland tried to get Harvey to go and rest awhile, but Harvey would not, saying that there was still some work at the office to be finished before he left.

He had just put on his cap, and was starting down the road, when he heard some one calling him. He turned and saw Helen standing on the porch.

"Oh, Harvey, just a minute, please," she called as she beckoned to him.

He walked back to the end of the porch.

"You will be sure to write me, won't you, Harvey?" was all that she said, but there was a world of meaning in her eyes, and Harvey understood.

P. G. D. '14.

## A VISIT TO A WIRELESS STATION

One day last year I had the pleasure of visiting one of the highest-powered wireless stations in the country.

It is situated on Cape Cod at a small town named South Wellfleet. The first things I saw were the high

steel towers supporting the antenna wires, which were in a drop-coned shape, meeting at a small house where the instruments are.

The steel towers, which are about one hundred and fifty feet high, are set in cement and supported by guy wires.

Soon I went to a small bungalow where the operators live, which was near the wireless station. I had a permit from the Marconi Con. Tel. Co. of New York and was admitted without any trouble. The chief operator took me over to the wireless station, much to my pleasure, and showed me all there was to see. The dynamoes which furnish the power for the transformers were just starting as their work, which is for the Associated Press news and Marconi telegrams to transatlantic liners, is done mostly at night. The two Italian operators came in soon and saw that all the apparatus was in working order. This apparatus was very interesting to me as at that time I was constructing a wireless outfit of my own. It was set up on a marble base and consisted of the select type.

The next room I visited was the spark gap room. There the 3 fifteen kilowatt transformers and the enclosed gap are kept. When a message is sent the noise of the spark would deafen a person if the gap were not enclosed. There is a small window in this room and at ten P. M., when the sending is at its highest, the light from the gap may be seen many miles out at sea.

At about seven P. M. a message was received, telling of the death of Frederic Remington, the great artist, and later many messages were being sent to the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Some people think that it must be a hard and tiresome life to stay in a wireless station, but the operators work only four hours a night and receive high wages, besides having frequent vacations. F. J. T., '15.

## I WONDER

I wonder if the Faculty were "us,"  
 And sat and sat in study-hall each  
     day,  
 If some of them would not begin to  
     "cuss",  
 And for that bell to ring begin to  
     pray.

I wonder if marks would strike that  
     bunch—  
 That band of noble, wise and learned  
     men—  
 When they were late to dinner and to  
     lunch,  
 And came to breakfast somewhere  
     'tween eight and ten.

I wonder if they'd always be real  
     good,  
 And sit up straight in every single  
     class;  
 Would they always do exactly as they  
     should,  
 And not rush at every single  
     "CLASSES PASS."

I wonder if they'd hear "WE  
     FIND"—you know,  
 And if they'd "KEEP THEIR  
     FEET DOWN OFF THAT  
     CHAIR;"  
 And if they'd hear "MY, BUT  
     YOU'RE AWFUL SLOW,  
 USE x AND y,—YOU WON'T  
     GET ANYWHERE."

I wonder if they'd study hard at  
     night,  
 And get their lessons for a week  
     ahead;  
 I wonder if we'd ever see the sight  
 Of each one of them (at ten P. M.)  
     in bed.

I wonder if they'd ever throw some  
     spit-balls,  
 Or pass across that slyly written  
     note;  
 I wonder if they'd ever try some cat-  
     calls—  
 Sounds which get almost every  
     teacher's "goat,"

But while I sit upon my chair and  
     muse,

I know my room is in an awful muss,  
 So, Faculty, the rest of this excuse,  
 But think just what you'd do if you  
     were us. P. G. D., '14.

## A LETTER FROM MEXICO

Mexico City, February 24th, 1914.  
 Mr. Paul G. DeRosay,  
 Editor in Chief "The Archon,"  
 Dummer Academy,  
 South Byfield, Mass.  
 My dear Mr. De Rosay:

After reading your letter of Jan-  
 uary 25th, which I highly appreciate  
 I have no words that would express  
 my thanks for the kindness contained  
 therein, and really I am now puzzled  
 as to what the subject of my first ar-  
 ticle can be. My poor Mexico is so  
 grand in every field, that more than  
 a task is a problem to know just the  
 spot that can suit the tastes of your  
 subscribers. The scenery is marvel-  
 lous, history so grand, riches so  
 great, buildings so interesting, that  
 the start is difficult, besides your  
 school year will soon be ended and I  
 have to give you brief accounts, that  
 will go in one number, so that your  
 readers may enjoy them.

As for politics my dear Mr. De-  
 Rosay, are so uninteresting, so tan-  
 gled and absurd, that you could eas-  
 ily express the present situation of  
 my country in one sole word: AM-  
 BITION, as ambition will be the  
 only grammatical term that you can  
 apply for the overflowing of passions  
 from the ruler to the ruled, from rich  
 to poor. But not an ambition to pro-  
 cure the common interest, but ambi-  
 tion to procure riches and power at  
 the risk of thousands of lives, sacri-  
 ficing the nation, returning to the  
 epoch of the barbarous, uncivilized  
 Mexico of fifty or sixty years ago.  
 Revolution and government in their  
 desperate fight plunge the country in-  
 to the depths of misery, and bandits  
 under any banner are at the head of



this situation that will last indefinitely. Gains and losses of the government or rebels are no more of public interest and we feel tired of reading day by day news of retaken or lost cities. Civil war will never awake but a sorrowful feeling in the hearts of the good countrymen and patriots, as they well see that it is worse than the seven plagues of Egypt, or than the mythologic furies of the Avern, which though great are not so harmful as the present situation of Mexico.

Every day we hear news that if they came true, we would be happy thinking that the present condition of affairs will last very little. But for our misfortune it is just a government game with the press, who in soul and body belongs to the "ruler" and only cooperates for the worst. Everything is so taxed, that soon life will be impossible but for the millionaires. Duties have been raised nearly sixty-five percent, taxes levied upon everything, gambling houses allowed, and every means to furnish money for the war is good, whether licit or not, so far as it produces millions of *pesos* ready to begin the destruction of brothers.

No, Mr. De Rosay, the American Press is not at the top of the situation, which you can term it as desperate. Mexico, is a big snake which twists around itself, and debates against death; that economical death which will soon cause the ruin of commerce and banks, and in consequence the ruin of a nation, which three years ago could be at the top of the Latin-American countries. Besides the loss of so much accumulated work, and while nature seems so prodigal in giving fine petroleum fields in the states of Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas, may be the richest of the world, the Mexicans are in a fight which, if possible, would exterminate the whole race. You have no idea of what the situation is, and maybe, my dear friend, what you think is small in comparison with the true.

Well, Mr. De Rosay, now I will attempt to write a small article on one of the best and typical feasts which Mexicans celebrate every year. You may term it as the feast of flowers, so long as we consider spring-time awakening when this feast comes. I am sure that my English is pretty bum, so please correct it, and if it is worth your approval send it to press for your next number.

Will you send me the second and following numbers of "The Archon". I recently moved from San Angel Inn, to the city, and maybe this change of address has caused the papers to be lost. My thanks for it. My address at present is

Mariano Viamonte y Fernández,  
Apartado Postal No. 668,  
Mexico City, D. F.

I trust to hear from you soon, and I am,

Very truly yours,  
M. Viamonte y Fernández.

P. S. In my next letter I will tell you some plans that I have to go and make a research trip through southern Mexico, Central and South America, and which I trust will be of universal interest, as it will be a trip of nearly seven thousand miles. I am trying to get funds from the American Press, and commercial houses of the United States, as the trip will involve an expense of several thousand dollars.

M. Viamonte.

#### FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS.

*A feast peculiar to the City of  
Mexico, D. F.*

We awoke early that morning. It was the feast of flowers, and from every part of the city people gathered at the Viga Canal to celebrate the beginning of spring and the revival of our favorites: the violets. Viga canal one of the oldest arteries of the water way from Xochimilco Lake into Mexico City seems to awake of its stupor of years and

dresses itself with the picturesque canoes, the flowers, and the joyful cries of the people. The sun was yet beyond the white colossus, the Popocatepetl and Ixtlacihuatl volcanoes, and peeping with the majesty of the universal king, soon came to die in the tranquil waters where it reverberated in thousands of sparks. Faces, a few moments ago shadowed by the dimness of the morning were now perfectly seen, and here and there the black eyes of the Mexican girls would contrast in their brightness with the stars of heaven that were falling fast in the immensity.

Along the sides of the canal the feast begins, military bands play selections, girls and boys intermingled, crown themselves with wreaths of pansies, violets, and forget-me-nots. In the canal the typical canoes some of them as large as to hold forty or fifty persons, all covered with evergreen, flowers and multicolor tissue paper, glide along leaving behind the echoes of the guitar and mandolin, and the sweetness of a feminine voice that in pathetic tunes relates the love of Romeo and Juliet, or else sings a merry song that speaks of the knight and the lady of yore. In a rapid succession of images, alternate the rich and the poor, with faces full of mirth, and colored with the fresh air of morn. We see all types, from the elevated political figure that arouses the expectation in the Chamber of Deputies, to the poor laborer who merrily, by the arm of his wife, passes humming the last tones of the operetta in style. From the aristocratic lady that crosses the eastern side of the canal, to the poor worker of the shops who sweetly speaks love to the young man by her side. Everybody seems to be unknown, and in this confusion of people, the diplomat smiles when he sees the poor laugh; the poor laugh when somebody falls into the water attempting to board a canoe; and so on, this contagious laughter crosses the canal from side to side, the feast of flowers awakes amidst the cheerful cries of the indigent, and

the mocking laugh of the wealthy.

Viga canal is quite long, but the feast is centered in two or three miles. After taking one of the many canoes, soon we will be at Jamaica, a miserable and small town that on this occasion swarms with the cries of sellers, that ponder the magnificence of their merchandise. If the scene on the sides of the canal is never to be forgotten for the mixing of all social classes, Jamaica won't be forgotten either for the variety of commerce. Japanese curios, all kinds of vegetables, eatables and drinks, and many articles of personal apparel are pondered by the sellers. But the typical "tamales" predominate and here on nice white tables you may enjoy the delicacy of this Mexican dainty, for a hearty breakfast. The scene at seven in the morning is marvellous, girls and boys after a walk by the side of the canal, or a canoe trip by water, come here to enjoy the culinary art. Many things besides "tamales" are sold, all of them typical and good.

From Jamaica we will run across the canal in an electric-car to the city. People will begin to leave before eight, so as to be in time for offices or work. Coaches and automobiles start their route to the city, and behind them in a parade bicycles full of flowers and colored tissue paper will enter the city so as to awake the lazy, with a cheerful cry of youth, health and joy.

The city awakes to the monotony of its daily life with a wreath of fresh flowers that crown offices, shops, manufacturing concerns and houses. Girls wear the quaint bouquet of forget-me-nots, or the bunch of violets. Boys in the button holes wear the red amapola, that soon fades leaving behind the remembrance of the feast of flowers, the sparks of the gleaming waters of Viga canal, and the black eyes of the beau full of promises, that resemble the bright stars of heaven.

Mariano Viamonte y Fernández,  
Mexico City, D. F.





# The Archon

*Published Monthly in the interest of  
the Students of Dummer Academy*

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The circulation of THE ARCHON is 1000 copies, each issue.

The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

Coming back to school after our Easter vacation, we found only eight short weeks left before the close of school. Only eight weeks in which to make this school year a success or a failure. Let everyone get the most possible out of those eight weeks, so that when they are past he can look back over the year with the knowledge that he gave his best.

Once more that terrible annual epidemic, Spring Fever, has been raising havoc. We expect you to go around at this time of year with a far away look in your eyes and to sigh wistfully at times, but remember that a certain wit once said "Spring Fever is only a lazy man's excuse for not working."

This is the last issue of the ARCHON before the Commencement number. We want to make that issue the best of the whole year. This can only be accomplished by the hearty co-operation of every member of the school. *You* must do your little share. Everything counts!

Do you, the students of Dummer Academy, and others who are interested in THE ARCHON, realize how important the "ads" are? They are the "Staff of Life" to THE ARCHON and for this reason it is necessary that you should support them. "It is up to *you*" to see that each advertiser gets his share of *your* trade.





Spring at Dummer this year has arrived somewhat later than the weather man prophesied. Cold, disagreeable winds, followed by rain and snow, have been the prevailing feature far into April. Once in a while the sun comes out and things take on that glorious appearance of spring.

March 16th was the evening of the minstrel show held by the men and boys of Dummer, as the last of a series of four entertainments to benefit the athletic association. It was a great success. The largest audience ever at a Dummer entertainment pronounced it exceedingly good. Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Farrell in the roles as end men were exceptionally clever, while the singing of Poto, Young, Hammond and Spaulding were hits of the evening. Between the acts of the minstrel show Marr and Poto gave a very clever new comedy act, and Mead, Cummings and Barker sang popular songs.

The cast:

Tambo, ..... Mr. A. Jenkins  
 Mr. Hackelsfeather, .. Anthony Poto  
 Mr. Dockstader, ..... "Cy" Young  
 Mr. White, ..... Paul De Rosay  
 Mr. E. Jarvis, ..... Gordon Rowe  
 Mr. Snow, ..... Arthur Havlin  
 Interlocutor, ..... Mr. W. Bentley  
 Mr. Johnson, .... "Deac" Coleman  
 "Sambo", ..... "Slip" Miller

Mr. Primrose, .... Morris Hammond  
 Mr. Pewee, ..... Dick Spaulding  
 Bones, ..... Mr. Farrell

Financially, the course of entertainments has been a great success. To Mr. Walter Bentley is due the greatest credit as he has borne the course with very little aid. Credit must also be given to all the students for their hearty co-operation in selling tickets and working for the minstrel show.

The net profit realized from the course for the athletic association was a little over \$133.

From March 25 to April 6 the school was closed for the spring recess, during which time many repairs were made on the buildings.

When school opened on April 6 we were glad to welcome French and Holden back. These boys had been home for some time owing to illness. Soon after we came back "Hobey" Baker, one of the younger boys in Pierce Cottage, was seized with appendicitis, and was at once hurried to Boston for an operation. Everybody is hoping that he will soon recover and will soon be back at school.

A hearty welcome is extended to Mrs. Penny, who comes to us to be our housekeeper. This vacancy was left open by the resignation of Mrs. Shaw in March. Mrs. Penny has

had considerable experience, and is a very capable woman. Mrs. Penny is a stranger among us and must be made welcome. Boys remember your duty!

On April 10th Miss Katherine Ingham returned to South Byfield for her spring vacation. Miss Ingham is the daughter of our headmaster, and attends school in Hacktstown, New Jersey.

During the week of April 12th Augustus Brown, '11, and Job Tyler, '10, came and spent several days at school. Brown is now a student at Dartmouth, while Tyler is in business in Bangor.

Trials for the speaking contest at commencement have been conducted

and among those who spoke well were, De Rosay, Coulter, Fitzgerald, Hammond, Poto and Coleman.

Several small informal dances have been held before and after study hall. Great thanks must be given to "Spud" Marr for playing the music.

On April 18th a spring dance was held. The Dummer gymnasium was tastily decorated with long rows of Japanese lanterns and the walls were covered with a profusion of banners. Owing to a supposed attack of mumps on Mr. Ramsden, some of the young ladies were unable to attend. However, enough came to make it a very enjoyable occasion. The committee in charge consisted of Messrs. Goodwin, Miller and Coleman.



Preliminary baseball practise was held in the gymnasium, where, under the able directions of Coach Jenkins, the candidates began to limber up their muscles by tossing balls the length of the gym. Among the candidates were several who were members of last year's team; namely: Poto, 2d base, Yesair, 3d base, Senior, pitcher and 1st base-man, Young, pitcher and 1st base-man, Burns, r. f., Small catcher and c. f. These men were regulars last year. Rowe, Cutter, Bushnell, and Coleman were also out for practise. These men were members of the squad last year, being substitutes. The most conspicuous of the new material are French, Havlin, Spaulding, W. Yesair, German, Miller, Williams, Hammond, Fitzgerald and Howe.

Manager Chandler has announced the following schedule.

April 15, Manning H. S. at Ipswich.

April 18, Groveland H. S. at Dummer.

April 22, Danvers H. S. at Dummer.

April 25, Amesbury H. S. at Amesbury.

April 29, Newburyport H. S. at Dummer.

May 2, W. Newbury H. S. at West Newbury.

May 6, Lynn English H. S. at Dummer.

May 9, open.

May 13, West Newbury H. S. at Dummer.

May 16,

May 20, Ipswich at Dummer.

May 23, St. John's Prep at Danvers.  
May 27, Amesbury H. S. at Dummer.  
May 30, open.  
June 3, Danvers at Danvers.

DUMMER VS. IPSWICH.

Dummer opened its baseball schedule the fifteenth by defeating Ipswich six to two, in a seven inning game. Dummer started in the "first" by getting one run on Poto's hit, and Yesair's triple in the "fourth" tallied five more. Ipswich did all its scoring in the "second" and "sixth." The game was called at the end of the seventh, when Ipswich took their team off the field on account of a disputed decision, thereby forfeiting the game to Dummer. The slowness of the field, and the cold, greatly handicapped both teams; but, considering all things, a very good showing was made for the first game. With more practice we should be able to compete with the best teams.

For Dummer, Senior pitched good ball, while both Yesair and Poto did excellent work, both at the bat and in the field. The outfielders had but little chance to show their ability as only one ball was knocked out there. Howard and Jewett excelled for Ipswich.

DUMMER.	ab	r	bh	tb	p	a	e
Poto, 2b	4	2	2	2	0	1	0
Young, c f	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Yesair, s s	4	0	3	7	0	2	0
Senior, p	3	0	1	1	1	4	0
Burns, l f	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Burns, l f	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
French, r f	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Havelin, 3b	2	1	1	0	0	0	0
Small, c	2	1	0	0	12	1	0
Cutter, r f	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Williams, 3b	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	30	6	10	13	20	8	1

IPSWICH.	ab	r	bh	tb	p	s	e
Lemieux, 1b	3	1	0	0	3	0	0
H. Irvine, p	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
S. Howard, c	2	0	0	0	14	0	0

Jewett, s s	2	1	2	2	1	3	0	
Bruce, r f	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Hurley, 2b	3	0	0	0	1	1	0	
H. Howard, c f	3	0	2	2	0	0	0	
Wallace, l f	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Burnham, 3b	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	
Total,	23	2	4	4	21	7	1	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dummer,	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	
Ipswich,	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	

Struck out by Senior 12. By Irving 11. Two base hits Yesair, 2, H. Howard. Three base hits Yesair. Base on balls, Senior, Irvine, 3. Hit by pitched balls, S. Howard. Wild pitch, Senior. Umpires, C. Howard and Chandler. Attendance, 200.

DUMMER 2, GROVELAND, 1.

On the home field our team defeated the Groveland High School team after ten innings of a closely contested game. From the second inning to the ninth Groveland led one to nothing. In the last of the ninth a batting rally enabled Yesair to tie the score while in the tenth a continuation of the hitting brought Burns home with the winning run. Twombly and Greenough, the Groveland battery, excelled for the visitors. The pitching of Young and the base-running of Yesair formed the feature of the Dummer team.

Dummer	bh	po	a	e
Poto, 2b	0	4	2	0
Young, p	0	0	4	0
Yesair, s s	1	1	2	1
Rowe, 1b	0	11	1	0
Senior, c f	1	3	1	0
Burns, l f	2	0	0	0
Cutter, r f	1	1	0	0
Small, c	0	8	7	0
Williams, 3b	1	2	0	1
	6	30	17	2

(Continued on page 25)





Mr. Farrell says he saw two robins on February 18, after the big snow storm, while he was walking to Ipswich.

(He must have been walking from Ipswich.)

Mr. Farrell—"Where is the lesson, Fitzgerald?"

"Fitzy"—"Fourth declension."

Maccabe—" 'Taint—'taint either—wh—"

Mr. Farrell—"That's enough of that tainted English."

Mr. Tobin—"The house was heated and lighted with—"

Rowe—"Steam."

Mr. Tobin—(absently)—"Yes, all right."

Mr. Jenkins—"What's the longest line in a circle?"

Norris—"The line around it."

Miller, in Commercial Arithmetic, "250 shingles make a bushel."

Young in Chemistry—"Well, what makes cake so big when it comes from the gas house? Is it adhesion, cohesion, or what?"

Towne (quickly)—"No, cokehesion."

Mr. Tobin—"What case should *her* be in?"

Poto—"Feminine."

Mr. Tobin in English class, illustrating—"Now suppose as you were skipping school, you ran into Dr. Ingham. Would that be a *coincidence*?"

Young—"No, that would be a *fatality*."

Mr. Tobin—"What is the meaning of *excitable*?"

Frank Hale—"Angriable."

Pearson—(looking out of the window)—"I don't know what to make of this snow, whether it will last long or not."

Mr. Tobin—(hearing the first part only)—"You can make snowballs."

Maccabe translating—"Je sentis mes cheveux se dresser. I felt the *shiners in my clothes*."

Maccabe to Rowe, pointing to the H on Mr. Ramsden's sweater—"What does that stand for, Concord?"

"Prof."—"Translate *rex fugit*."

Young guy—"The king flees."

Prof.—"Change that to perfect tense."

The guy—"The king has flees."

Small, in Chemistry—"The sulphur dioxide gas trickles down through the coal and makes sulphuric acid."

Dr. Ingham—"Oliver, why didn't you take your music lesson today?"

Woodward—"Why, this is the first one I've missed this week."

(They come once a week.)

To the chorus of "Casey Jones."  
An old beer bottle washed up by the sea,

An old beer bottle came floating up to me,

In it was a paper, with this message written on,

"He who finds this bottle, finds the beer all gone."

Tapley—"Tell Bushnell to sing a solo in the minstrel show."

Mrs. Jenkins—"No, sir; I will not,—I'm afraid he might do it."

Small in English class—"It was a cold dreary night; the rain beat a steady *tatoe* upon the window *pain*; while within, all was cheerful."

(You're improving Itch'.)

Flanders was rolling some strips of blue paper in his room, when Mr. Ramsden walked in:—

"Ha, you've got the blues, I see."

De Rosay—"Well, that's better than being yellow."

Dowling—"Do you know what the name of the book was that they gave Marr, for the prize?"

Maccabe—"Huh! A Latin grammar probably."

Flanders and Tapley were in the habit of going into Mr. Ramsden's room and stealing his lump sugar.

One day Flanders went in and talked a while about the weather, then he said: "Oh, by the way, where do you keep the sugar,"

Mr. Ramsden smells a rat—"Come on, get out'a here, this isn't the 'Candy Shop,' nor the Sugar Bowl!"

Skeele and Flanders were riding along on the train, and Flanders had been watching someone for quite a while. As they neared the station her father started to put on his coat.

Skeele—"Help the old gent on with his coat, and you might get a 'knock down'."

Flanders—"Huh, nothin' doin', that's just what I'm afraid of!"

Some matches in Pearson's inside coat pocket are ignited as he leans over a desk in study hall. Ben rips

all the buttons off his coat to get at the blaze, and, with great courage plunges his hand into the fiery depths. Out comes a bottle of pills, a handful of pencils, then a match, then a handful of glowing string, some paper, then, finally out comes the charred timbers of about one hundred matches. The smoke is dense, but Ben soon has the fire under control. In the midst of Ben's daring and narrow escape with his life, and while all the students are held spell-bound by his daring, Mr. Tobin hollers:—

"See here, Pearson that's enough of that."

Ben, with smoke pouring out of his collar says:—"Well, my coat's burning, can't I put the fire out?"

After Small had asked Coleman about six times for some shredded wheat, he said:—

"Never mind, the shredded wheat, Deac', if they've got to cook it."

In French 2—"Pendant que Brainstein reprenait le chemin."

Hammond, translating—"When Brainstein took up his chimney."

Mr. Tobin—"Towne, what does the Italian word, 'Madonna' mean?"

Brick—"It means 'picture'."

Tucker in Ancient History—"It's warm in Italy and always cool."

Small, looking at Mrs. Bentley's baby who is crying:—"Are those teeth?"

German (about 11.15 P. M.)—"There won't be any more frogs tomorrow, Coulter."

Coulter—"Why?"

German—"They're all croakin'."

The pillow missed him.

## ALUMNI NOTES

*(Dates given are those of entrance at Dummer.)*

'50 Dr. Charles Caldwell, who has been practicing medicine in Chicago for the past thirty years, has invented a machine for picking cotton, which it is thought will revolutionize that industry. He expects to make a fortune with it, and if he succeeds, let us hope he will remember Dummer.

'70 Charles H. Banister is in the book business in Worcester, and has the largest establishment of the kind in that city.

'80 Ernest M. Lunt is manager of a jewelry manufacturing concern in Chicago.

'84 Rufus K. Porter is with the Underwriters' Laboratories in Chicago.

'85 Stansbury Sutton is a successful real estate lawyer in Pittsburgh.

'85 Worthington E. Babcock has given up the practice of law and is with a large wholesale dry goods house in Columbus, Ohio.

'86 Ebenezer R. Gay is a traveling salesman for a firm in Boone, Iowa.

'89 G. W. Patteson is foreman of one of the shops of the steel trust plant at Gary, Indiana. He has a fine boy whom he expects to send to Dummer some day.

'97 John C. Myers and his cousin Guy ('99), are associated with their fathers in their extensive pump works at Ashland, Ohio.

'97 George R. Mitchell and his brother Harry ('02), are now at the head of the sheet iron works established by their father at Cleveland, Ohio, and have built up a prosperous business. Harry paid a flying visit to Dummer during the summer vacation last year. George was a famous ball player while here.

'98 Warren H. Small is attorney for the Associated Films Company in New York.

'99 Ernest Carver is working for the General Electric at Schenectady, N. Y. He came back with his wife to our 150th anniversary last June.

'90 Edward H. Comstock is engaged in the lumber business at Rome, N. Y.

'00 Edward M. Fisher is a patent lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, in the same office with his father.

'00 Frank A. Lasley is building up an extensive law practice in Chicago.

'01 Edwin J. Chesnutt is studying destistry in Chicago.

'01 Charles A. Fassett holds down a desk with N. W. Halsey & Company, bond brokers, at Chicago.

'01 Charles F. Horne is interested in the manufacture of addressing machines in Cleveland, Ohio.

'01 Cecil Martin is resident manager for the Lackawanna Bridge Company in Chicago. He is as popular among his business associates as he was with the boys while at Dummer.



'03 Clarence H. Dittrick holds a position with the Western Electric Company at Chicago.

'04 Milton L. Dodge is at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale.

'05 George H. Crosston is in the employ of the Griffin Wheel Company in Chicago.

'06 Pablo Beola is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'08 Beryl H. Childs is a successful lawyer in Chicago, and withal something of a politician.

'08 Herbert J. Koop is in his father's large department store in Chicago.

'08 Aldrich A. Ray is in business in Buffalo, N. Y.

'08 Frank D. Sinclair is in the banking business at Steubenville, Ohio.

'09 Edward Pierce Nagel is studying at Harvard.

'10 William T. Bodine is with the Sorosis Shoe Company at Hartford, Conn. Billy is said to be an expert salesman.

'10 Daniel M. Edwards, Jr., is studying at Yale.

'10 Oliver Porter Keator is in his father's bank at Cortland, N. Y.

'10 Job Tyler of Bangor, Me., paid us a short visit recently. He is engaged in selling bonds.

'11 Julio Navarro was recently heard from at San Antonio, Texas. He was in Torreón, Mexico, when things were at their liveliest. He hopes to be back at Dummer next year.

Abijah P. Noyes, who was at Dummer in 1829, is often seen about the Academy. In spite of his age, he is still hale and hearty, and takes walks of several miles at a gait that would tire a much younger man. He is ninety-three years of age.

Mr. Fred Marden Ambrose, president of the Board of Trustees, has been in Northern Africa nearly all winter. He writes from Tunis of his wanderings in the Sahara as a novel and most delightful experience.

He is intensely interested in the plans for a new building and is a large contributor to the fund. He will return to the United States in May.

Perley Leonard Horne who was master of the Academy for a decade prior to 1905 and who has been since then principal of the Kahameha Schools in Honolulu, has resigned, and is to re-enter educational work in this country.

Joseph N. Dummer has recently presented to the Academy an excellent picture of Commodore Preble, who was one of Master Moody's most famous students.

The picture is a photograph of the portrait now in the Portland (Me.), Historical Society's rooms.

Charles Francis White who graduates from Bowdoin this year is to teach this coming year. J. H. O'Neil Harvard, '14, is also planning to enter the same profession.

Dave Caldwell, Cornell, '14, is running at his best this spring, and we all know that Dave's best is quite good enough.

F. Russell Moseley with Mrs. Moseley, Page Brown from Hanover, and Job Tyler from Bangor, were visitors at the Academy last week.

William Sanders is now with the Lennox Car Company.

Nathan Noyes Withington of Newburyport, one of the oldest former students of Dummer Academy, died in March. He enrolled at the Academy in 1845. For many years Mr. Withington was connected with the Newburyport Herald as editor and contributing writer. He was a staunch friend of old Dummer and had written much concerning it. Not only did he manifest his interest in the school by referring to Dummer constantly in his writings but he sent his son, David L. Withington, now of Honolulu, Hawaii, to be educated there. The deceased was a veteran of the Civil War and had an honorable record in that conflict. Since his wife died over a year ago, Mr. Withington has been steadily failing. He maintained his interest in Dummer up to the very last day on earth. Eighty-six years was his total upon earth. The son, David L. Withington, a former member of the board of trustees, although many miles away, has a warm regard for the school, and this affection is shared by the grandson of the deceased, Leonard Withington, editor and manager of the Newburyport Herald. The Withington family has also been represented at Dummer by a brother of Nathan, Joseph Withington, 1847, of Mattoon, Ill., also another son, Lothrop Withington, of London, England.

Loring Goodrich of Salisbury, a recent student, is now attending Wentworth Institute, Boston. Winthrop Currier, the star pitcher for the 1904 baseball nine has been visiting in Newburyport during the past few weeks.

A former Dummer athlete who made "good" with a big "g" was Clarence Dittrick of Cleveland, Ohio,

quarterback on the 1903 football team. Dittrick was later captain of the Tufts University football team.

Speaking about football players, Edwin S. Shuttleworth, 1910, of Lawrence, developed into a star. After leaving Dummer he was captain of the Massachusetts Agricultural College eleven.

Two Dummer boys of over 20 years ago who were very strong friends are Robert H. Mudd, 1892, of St. Louis, Mo. and Orville Clay, 1892 of Richmond, Ky. One of their fellow students of the time noticed the two walking together over the campus and called out, "There goes Clay and Mudd and they stick closer than brothers." The two played on the Dummer football eleven of 1892, one of the best teams that ever represented the school on the gridiron.

William P. Sanders of Newburyport who attended the school last year and the two preceding years is now employed by a Boston concern as a travelling salesman.

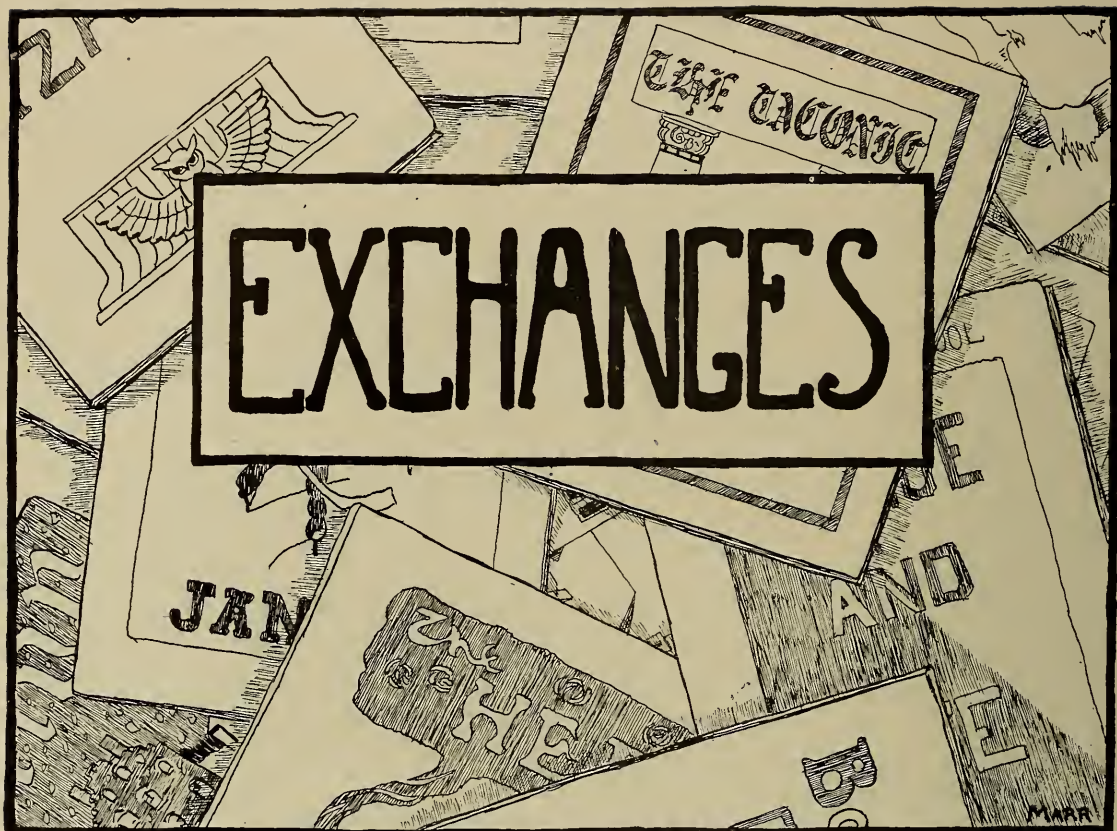
Dennis W. Hegarty, 1901, of Newburyport, is one of the claimants on an estate left by a relative of New York. While the case has not been settled it is stated that the amount involved is several million dollars.

One of the former students who retains a great interest in Dummer is John P. Ingalls, formerly of Swampscott, but now employed by the firm of Lamson & Hubbard, Boston.

Oscar H. Nelson, 1891, who entered the school from Georgetown was very prominent in the Newburyport Y. M. C. A. \$40,000 campaign held recently. Mr. Nelson was captain of one of the teams in the contest.

*(Continued on page 25)*





We are pleased to have received the following exchanges since our last issue.

The Advocate, New Brunswick, N. D.; The Antelope, Kearney, Neb.; The Black and Red, Westwood, N. J.; The Blue and Grey, Roland Park, Md.; The Booster, Lacrosse, Wis.; The Blue Owl, Attleborough, Mass (two copies); The Breccia, Portland, Me.; The Breeze, Fitchburg, Mass.; The College Signal, Amherst, Mass. (four copies); The Canton High School Monthly, Canton, Ohio, The Clarion, Arlington, Mass.; The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn. (two copies); The Clarion, West Hartford, Conn.; The Comet, West Pittston, Pa.; The Courier, Boise, Idaho; The Crescent, Newberg, Ore.; The Cynosure, Fargo, N. D.; The Dinosaur, Laramie, Wyoming, The Dome, Shaffield, Mass.; The Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass., The Enterprise, Keene, N. H.; The Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.; The High School Critic, Beacon, N. Y.; The High School Record, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; The Hallock School

Record, Great Barrington, N. Y. (two copies); The Habit, Salina, Kansas (two copies); The Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; The Iliad, Troy, Mass. (two copies); The Index, Worcester, Mass.; The Lyman School Record, Westborough, Mass.; The Life, Garden City, N. Y.; The Mirror, Sharon, Penn. (two copies); The North Star, Massena, N. Y. (two copies); The News, East Orange, Penn. (two copies); The Oak, Lily and Ivy, Milford, Mass. (two copies); The Orange Peals, Orange, Mass.; The Orange, White Plains, N. Y.; The Purple Pennant, Lebanon, Ind.; The Phillipian, Andover, Mass. (four copies); The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.; The Pickett, Shepherdstown, West Virginia; The Pinkerton Critic, Manchester, N. H. (two copies); The Pioneer, Reading, Mass.; The Pattersonian, Joy, N. Y.; The Preparatory Herald, Keyser, West Virginia; The Quarterly, Stamford, Conn.; The Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.; The Radmorite, Wayne, Penn.; The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; The Record, Louis-



ville, Ky.; The Res Academaë, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; The Riverview Student, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; The Senior, Westerly, Mass. (two copies); The Spectator, Patterson, N. J. (two copies); The Shamokin High School Review, Shamokin, Pa.; The Stuyvesant Stag, Warrenton, Va.; The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.; The Texas Tiger, Texakana, Texas; The Voice, Concord, Mass.; The Voice, Falmouth, Mass.

St. Pauls Life, Garden City, N. Y.

You send out a very attractive and interesting paper. The story "Shapes of Clay," in your February number, deserves mention.

The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.

We notice a great wealth of material in your literary department. Keep up the good work.

The Black and Red, Westwood, N. J.

Your editorial board should wake up and enlarge your paper. It is really a nice little paper. You have a good foundation to work on, so why not build it up.

The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.

We have just had our first exchange from you. Send another next issue. Papers of your sort are always welcome.

Among the exchanges which deserve especial mention this issue are: The Pinkerton Critic, The Chronicle, The Iliad, The Dome, The Hallock School Record, and The Habit.

## ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from page 23)

Hon. Thomas Huse of Newburyport is a Dummer "boy" who has made good. He has been mayor of Newburyport and a representative in the General Court. Mr. Huse at-

tended Dummer nearly 50 years ago, and he can relate many incidents happening there which would interest the many who have attended the school.

One of the names mentioned as a candidate for the Republican nomination for representative in the first four wards of Newburyport this year is Harry F. Cole, 1903.

Edmund Bruce Jordan, 1905, of Byfield, is now a resident of the state of Michigan. He has joined the ranks of matrimony.

Edward Kent, 1861 of Newbury, is among those who have passed away during the year.

## ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 18)

Groveland High School.

	bh	po	a	e
Blaisdell, s s	1	2	1	0
Greenough, c	2	14	2	0
Parker, 2b	1	1	3	1
Stocker, l f	0	0	0	0
Twombly, p	1	0	5	0
Busswell, 1b	0	11	0	0
Hutchinson, r f	0	1	0	0
Brown, 3b	0	0	1	0
Waldo, c f	0	0	0	1
	5	29	12	2

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dummer,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1-2
Groveland,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Runs made by Yesair, Burns, Blaisdell. Stolen bases Yesair 2, Greenough 2, Parker 2, Stocker 2, Twombly 2, Blaisdell, Hutchinson, Brown.

Base on balls by Young 7. Struck out by Young 12, by Twombly 14, hit by pitched ball, Waldo. Time, 1 hour, 59 minutes. Umpire, Steele.

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